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1917
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“MY JIM”
AND OTHER
WAR POEMS

DAISIE L. SMITH



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Tacoma, Wash.

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no. 1.

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MY JIM.

Did you see that handsome soldier, in his uniform
so neat,

With a flag upon his shoulder, come marching
down the street?

The one so tall and manly, with such a good,
kind face—

I'm sure it would be hard to find a man to take
his place.

That's My Jim!

The one so proud and happy, with such a princely
air—

He said: "If men are needed, I surely will be
there."

He didn't wait a moment, when they asked for
men to fight,

But said: "I'll serve my country; the cause is just
and right."

That's My Jim!

He has a loving sweetheart—a girl so pure and
true—

And when he said "Goodbye" to her she said:
"I'd die for you;

But we must serve our country, our flag we must
defend,

Tho in saving it from danger, we lose our dearest
friend."

That's My Jim!

I know she will be faithful—no girl could help
but be,

Who had the love and honor of such a man as he.
'Twas hard to see him going, I thought my heart
would break;

We can even give our loved ones for our dear
country's sake.

Even My Jim!

It may be you were looking at the officers so grand,
Or maybe you were list'ning to the music of the
band—

You say you didn't see him? That's very strange
to me,

For in that line of soldiers there's only one I see.

That's My Jim!

My boy is not a colonel, nor a captain, nor a guard;
He's just a common soldier, but I know he's work-
ing hard

For the cause of right and justice, and to make the
whole world free,

And I pray that God will bless him and bring him
back to me.

My Jim!



LINES TO THE RED CROSS

What nobler art than healing human woes,
Binding up the wounds of those

Who would our precious flag defend—

Aiding humanity in dire distress,

Seeking by their watchful care to bless

And e'er a helping hand to lend?

Unselfish in its purpose and its aim,

Prepared to offer aid alike to friend and foe,

In the spirit of the loving Christ, who came

And ministered alike to high and low.

The Red Cross o'er the world it's standard high,

Ranks next the cross of Christ, who came to die

For those who, for His matchless love but hate
returned;

Whose life and noble service fiercely spurned.

O, let us lift the hands of those who would this
noble service give—

A service for the world—that all mankind may
better live.

GOODBYE, MOTHER.

"Goodbye, dearest mother," he said as he kissed
The face so patient and sweet.

"Goodbye; I must go to my country's call,
A brave man will never retreat.

Goodbye, and may the kind Father Above

"Watch over you 'till I return.

I must serve my country and follow my flag,
Tho the duty be grave and stern."

"Goodbye," he said, tho the brave man quailed,
As he pressed her once more to his heart,
And he saw that mother bowed low with grief
At the thought that they must part.

"Goodbye, my son," came soft and low
From the lips that quivered with pain—

"Goodbye, and God bless you and keep you true,
Tho we never should meet again."

"Goodbye, dear boy. Your country's call
Is a call for justice and right,
And we know the Father who watches all
Will guard you with His might."

"Goodbye, once more, tho my sad heart break.
To your flag you must be true.
Stand firm for the right and bravely fight
For our grand Red, White and Blue."

TO OUR SOLDIERS

Brave men are they, answering their country's call,
Bringing in loyal surrender their service, their lives,
their all;

Ready to face any danger, ready to fight or fall.
Honor our valiant soldiers, answering their country's call.

Many have parted with loved ones, giving their
last "Goodbye,"

Knowing the life of a soldier, meant only to dare
and die;

But even with death before them, their pledges
they would not recall.

Honor our valiant soldiers, answering our country's call.

Not for glory nor fame nor conquest our soldiers
are falling in line;

They fight for our banner of freedom—they
fight for our flag—yours and mine;

They fight that freedom and justice may forever
be given to all.

Honor our valliant soldiers, answering our country's call.

To these noble, brave-hearted soldiers, a debt of
homage we owe;

Let us in sincere affection our token of gratitude
show;

Give now our praise and devotion, not wait till
these brave brothers fall.

Honor our valiant soldiers, answering their country's call.

PLEASE, PAPA, TAKE MAMMA
AND ME

Please, Papa, take mamma and me.
You don't know how good I will be.
I'll not cry nor complain
When we ride on the train—
I'll sit still and be good as can be.

Mamma cried when you said you must go,
But she smiled and tried hard not to show
That her heart was so sad
And she felt, O, so bad!
For she didn't want you to see.
Please, papa, take mamma and me.

Papa, I could carry your pretty new flag,
And Mamma could take that nice little bag
The Red Cross ladies gave you, you know—
How could you use it? I'm sure you can't sew.
But mamma could use it, you see.
Please, papa, take mamma and me.

We're so lonely when you are away,
I don't b'lieve we ever could stay—
And how could I say my prayer
Unless my dear papa were there.
You'd be as homesick as ever could be,
If you didn't have mamma and me.

No soldier was handsome as you,
When you marched down the street today.
Dear papa, is it really true
That you must go far away?
Don't seem it ever could be
You could go and leave mamma and me.

Jack said you'd prob'ly get shot.
I told him he didn't know—
How could he have such a thought,
That would worry and frighten us so?
But if anything happened, you see,
You'd wish you had mamma and me.

Last night I heard mamma pray
Just after I crept in my bed.
She prayed such a sweet, pleading way
I know God heard what she said.
And tonight I'll ask Him to see
If you can't please take mamma and me.



HELP US TO UNDERSTAND

This morn as I woke at break of the day,
The robins were singing as joyous and gay;
As tho' all the world were teeming with love—
And a peace over all as in heaven above—
Thy peace, loving Father, that would hover o'er all
—Thy watchcare that mindeth the sparrow's fall—
And yet, o'er the world Thy murderous foe
Is casting a shadow of sorrow and woe.
Can it be in this turmoil, is hidden Thy hand?
Help us, O Father, to understand.

UNFURL THE FLAG

Unfurl the flag,
Our beauteous flag,
That all the world may see
It's colors true—red, white and blue—
Emblem of Liberty.

Unfurl the flag,
Our grand old flag,
Spread wide each precious fold;
That on the breeze, o'er many seas,
It's history may be told.

Unfurl the flag,
The sacred flag
Our fathers died to save.
Let no disgrace mar its fair face;
Forever let it wave.

Unfurl the flag,
The freeman's flag,
Guardian of truth and right.
'Twill not be lost, whate'er the cost;
Tho every freeman fight.

Unfurl the flag,
The flag of love.
Its mission now may be
Where'er unfurled to free the world
From greed and tyranny.

Unfurl the flag,
Our glorious flag,
And may it be unfurled
O'er vale and hill, o'er shop and mill
'Till it has freed the world.

MARCHING AWAY

He was marching, marching away.

She stood as one in a dream.

His girl-wife just for a day,

And just at the sunset's last beam.

He was marching, marching away.

Just before the final command,

And the sound of the bugle's last note,

He turned and laid in her hand

His worn, familiar coat.

"Here, darling, keep it for me.

I may need it bye and bye."

O, the last sweet memory,

As he kissed her a fond goodbye.

He was marching, marching away.

She could hear the measured tread.

It seemed, that fatal day,

Her life and hope had fled.

That old, familiar coat,

Lying so limp in her hands;

The sound of the bugle note;

The music of marching bands;

The sobs of weeping friends—

Mother, sweetheart, wife—

The tragic picture blends

Into a part of her life.

Marching, marching away.

Fainter the footsteps seem,

Till in the fading day

'Tis but a shadowy dream.

The coat so fervently grasped,

Still shaped by the loved one's impress,

Seems as a link of the past

To tender a mute caress.

O, those mem'ries of long ago,

How they creep o'er the soul today,

When hearts in sadness and woe

Watch their loved ones marching away.

GOD'S BATTLE

We fight for truth with zealous fear,
We bear it's burdens year by year;
Yet vice and sin on every side
Like ocean waves sweep far and wide.
We turn aside in mute despair,
With scarcely hope to do or dare.
But can we score the battle lost,
Or can we count the heavy cost?
The battle's not ours, but God's.

He leads the hosts for truth and right.
He girds the soldiers for the fight;
He guards them by His powerful might;
He guides them by His wondrous sight.
He knows each call and countersign;
He views the troops from line to line.
He fears no foe nor shameful rout;
He only hears the victor's shout.
The battle's not ours, but God's.

And with such might, such power divine,
Dare we not brave the battle line;
Like David with his tiny sling,
Fear not when fighting for our King?
And tho the foe be fierce and strong,
And tho the battle rages long;
He knows His legions will defend.
He sees the victory at the end.
The battle's not ours, but God's.

THE VISION OF THE END

We must look beyond the battle, beyond the shot
and shell;

Beyond the bloody warfare—these hideous scenes
of hell.

The picture is e'er before us, more vivid and real
each day.

We must fix our eyes on the future and bravely
look away.

We must pierce the gloom and darkness for a
"vision of the end;"

Pray for a God-given vision where good with evil
shall blend.

A grand, triumphant vict'ry, if with God we do
our part—

From a vision of hopeless surrender we turn with
sickening heart.

A defeat of the cause of freedom—what would it
mean to the world?

A glimpse of our glorious America with the Ger-
man flag unfurled—

A downfall of democracy—a rule by despot and
knave—

O, God, in mercy deliver! O, Father rescue and
save!

On, bravely on, through the conflict; meet and
conquer the foe;

Deal to the rule of the despot its last destroying
blow.

We may not, must not, falter; God will His
legions send;

Right and truth will conquer—our "vision of the
end."

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